

hard brilliancy in the smile she turned upon him as she quoted lightly,

"I wonder in white isle of bliss  
Apollo breathes ambrosial air;  
In what green valley Artemis  
For young Endymion spreads the snare;  
Where Venus lingers debonair;  
The wind has blown them all away,  
And Pan lies piping in his lair—  
Where are the gods of yesterday?"

"For most of us the wind blows a good deal away. But I can't pretend to know how a great artist feels."

She changed the subject abruptly. "Rob," she said, leaning toward him, "do you remember that month a crowd of us spent at a dear little place in Kentucky four years ago? I had a letter from Edith Duncan—do you remember Edith?—she is back there now, with several of the old party. She mentioned you, and the magnificent faith you had in yourself even then; she says she believes that genius is always self-conscious. She writes a good letter—tells one all sorts of things. And, by the way, she just touched upon a rather sad incident. Do you recall a girl who lived not far from the hotel named Amy Sommers? She was thought good looking, and Edith says that every one has felt a special interest because there is tradition you thought her pretty enough to make a sketch of her. She is dying—of typhoid fever. Oh, Rob, are you ill—what is it?"

She sprang to her feet.

He rose slowly, like a man staggering under a blow. He held out his hand to her.

"I—I am not well," he answered. "Pardon me that I must take leave of you like this. And I shall not be able to see you again, I believe. I

leave Paris tonight."

Annette's face had grown rigid. "You are going—"

"To Kentucky," he said briefly. When he had reached the door he turned. "Have you any message," he asked, "to send to Miss Duncan?" There was a bitter note in the laugh that rang out.

"Tell her that an artist never loses his illusions—or his follies."

The voyage had seemed interminable. But as night after night, sleepless, tortured, Robert Ferris paced the deck of the steamer that was bearing him homeward, out of the depths of the ocean's solitude something vast and illimitable spoke to his soul. Hitherto art with him had been supreme. All that a man holds dear he had sacrificed to it—not knowing that he is less an artist who is not more a man.

Yet he had always meant to return—some day—to the only woman he had ever loved. And now he was returning—but too late. The thought was madness in a brain already distraught by overwork.

It was night when he reached the farm house in Kentucky. As he went up the orchard path little leaves were dancing in the moonlight. Nothing seemed changed. But a solemn stillness brooded over the house from which only a taper in an upper chamber shone dimly.

A trembling seized him, and his heart stood still. To the left of the building there was a sweet old time garden. He entered it, and sank down, unable to go farther, on a bench beneath an ancient mulberry tree. The chill vapors enwrapped him as in a damp shroud. The heavy perfume reminded him of wreath and chaplet. Everything spoke

of death.

He did not know how long he had been there when a low sound broke upon his ear. He started up. The sound, faint, almost imperceptible, was coming nearer. And presently he was able to distinguish it as a light footfall blending with the soft stirring of a woman's garments.

In another moment a slim figure in white came into view and crossed the moonlit path only a few feet away from him.

For an instant he stood spellbound. Then a sharp cry broke from him, and he fell heavily forward.

When he recovered consciousness she was kneeling beside him and her tears were wetting his face. He looked at her strangely. "Amy! he said dreamily, "Amy!" And as she stroked his brow he asked in the same quiet voice, "When—when did you die?"

"Poor dear!" she whispered softly, and her face was very sweet and wondering as it bent above him. Presently a light dawned. "Ah, you knew I had been ill!"

A little shivering sob shook her.

Suddenly strength and understanding seemed to come to him. He reached up both his arms and drew her quickly to him; and it was as if she were answering his remorse, soothing it as one soothes a repentant child when she laid her cheek tenderly against his.

For an instant neither spoke. The old garden wrapped in its profound silence was in deep shadow, but all at once the clouds were scattered and the moon shone full-orbed, resplendent. She raised her head.

"Oh, my love, you did, you did remember!" she said.

## What One Man Did For "Newsies"

By F. M. HOPKINS

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and everything that goes to make up a first class department of this kind. Since the organization, Christmas dinners have been given the newsboys and the spreads have been served in some large hall or one of the numerous spacious restaurants in the city. Henceforth these annual affairs will be in the Newsboys' home, where everything is arranged suitably for the carrying out of these functions.

The canvass for the building was conducted in the winter of 1907, and the first subscription was \$100, from the Ursula Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. During that time subscriptions were made by about 6,000 citizens of Toledo, of whom 2,100 were school children. The average amount given by the school children was 47 cents.

Ground was broken for the building April 11, 1908, the corner stone laid July 25, 1908, and the building dedicated February 22, 1909, without a cent of indebtedness.

That the citizens of Toledo really owed this magnificent structure to the boys can readily be seen when it is stated that the principles of honest and gentlemanly conduct that have been drilled into the boys have been the means through which during the past two years \$50,000 worth of money and valuables found by the boys on the streets have been sent to Gunkel and turned over to the rightful owners.

Nowhere in the United States have any cities a record of this kind. Newsies are here and there at all times of the day and night and their bright eagle eyes spy money and valuables every day of the year. They pick it up and, whether it is 12 at night or 12 at noon, John E. Gunkel is notified by the boy finder and the newsy is given instruction, if the discovery is at night, as to what disposition to make of the finding until morning, when Gunkel takes charge of it and finds the rightful owner.

The newsy is given a \$1 bill by the association for every find, whether it is sixty cents or sixty dollars. It is just an appreciation of the lad's honesty shown by the association.

The short change game is one that is not practiced by the newsboys of Toledo, and one of the principles that has been drilled into the boys from the starting of the organization; also one of the principles that has given the street merchants of this city a reputation over the entire country.

Success of the Toledo movement suggested the idea of extending it to other cities, and the National Newsboys association was formed in St. Louis in 1904 with John E. Gunkel as national president.

It is a "Thank you" after every sale and a "Yes, sir," when a customer asks the boy if he has this or that paper.

Hundreds of boys now occupying responsible positions in various cities of the country owe their foundation to the Newsboys' association. One of the worst gangs of boys Toledo ever had has been broken up and its members brought into the fold by Gunkel and his lieutenants. The leader of this gang is today one of the truant officers of the city, and though young in years as compared with other officials in like capacity, accomplished more good than all of the rest put together. His word is law among the boys, for they know that if "Joe" finds

them going wrong that it means punishment. Newsies help, rather than hinder him.

So trustworthy are the newsies of this city that during the national G. A. R. encampment, which was held in Toledo in August, 1908, the street merchants were given the positions of guides and were so labeled. Their praises were sung on every hand.

So successful has been the work of John E. Gunkel in this line that scores of other cities have offered him fabulous sums to go and take up

## William Gillette: Poet

WILLIAM Gillette, actor and playwright, is a recognized factor in American dramatic life. William Gillette, humorist, is far from unknown among his friends and fellows. But Gillette, the poet, is so seldom to be met with that even his intimates might well doubt his existence, were it not that there is in the world of letters at least one "human document" in proof of the fact that this man does live—and occasionally write verses. It is addressed to Miss Elsie Leslie, and was penned in those earlier days when (then a very young lady) she had but just scored her first great success as "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

It seems that the two had gone one day for a ride through Central park on a tandem bicycle, that Miss Leslie's hands had become cold in spite of her diminutive gloves, and that Mr. Gillette had given her his own big fur ones to wear—hugely to her delight. Then, the next morning, came to her the prettiest little gauntlets imaginable, and with them these verses:

To my little love  
With the sunny hair  
In golden strands,  
I send a little glove  
For her little pair  
Of dainty hands.

Those little hands so dear  
I could forever hold,  
Little love,  
I'd have them always near  
To keep them from the cold,  
Without glove.

But 'twould be cruel to her  
To be before her face  
Without end;  
I'm sure she'd much prefer  
That now, to take my place,  
Gloves I send.

When we are far apart,  
In very distant lands—  
Which may be—  
Will then the little heart,  
That owns the little hands,  
Think of me?

And when we have to part,  
Will the chain of love  
Broken be?  
Will the little heart,  
Referred to first above,  
Think of me?

There are critics who will carp at irregular scan-sion and imperfect rhymes, but, in very spite of all such, not one of Miss Leslie's treasures is more cherished than this.

the work in other cities. But thus far he has declined all offers, preferring to remain with his first love and assist other towns by frequent visits.

Cleveland men, with John D. Rockefeller at the head, even went as far as to offer him in addition to a handsome salary for life, a newsboys' home that would eclipse the one in Toledo. Boston is pleading with Gunkel to come east, while hardly a day passes but what the Father of Newsboys receives a letter to come and lecture and tell of the wonderful work all have heard about in Toledo.

Quiet in manner, with a fatherly face and a voice that strikes directly to the heart, John E. Gunkel quickly wins his way, not only with all the newsies, whom he knows by their first names, but adults as well. Anything he wants he can have, all for which he shows his deep gratitude, but never does or will he take any of the glory for the work. "My lieutenants are the boys behind," he says.

So earnest was he in his work before he was induced to quit his railroad position that he used every cent that was not necessary for actual living expenses to keep the boys' organization going. In fact he wrote a number of books as well as magazine articles, the receipts of all going for the good of the newsboys' cause.

Nearly all of the twenty-three railroads entering Toledo assist in the good work, for they have discovered that gentlemanly and honest newsboys at the depots are a good thing for the various companies and instead of troublemakers, as is usually the case, are helpers.

Perhaps the greatest advertiser, as well as best organization within the association, is the Newsboys' Band, which is made up exclusively of the boys in the association. Boys who never before had an instrument in their hands have been made into the best musicians in the city. The band consists of fifty members, and instruments of all kinds and descriptions are used. A leader is employed by the association, who instructs the boys individually and collectively. Uniforms were supplied by the newspapers and this band has scored big hits at the St. Louis fair, at Washington in the Taft inaugural parade and scores of other places where it has played.

A bugle corps is also made up of members of the association as well as several drill teams.

Baseball teams galore can be found in the summer time enjoying the national game on their playground just adjoining the new building, while football is their sport in the fall.

It is probable that there is not a sport known to the boys of this country which is not in some form played by the members of the association.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy and John E. Gunkel, while he is developing the principles of an upright life in the activities of those who perhaps would live in total darkness but for his teachings, is providing also something for their entertainment to keep their minds away from mischievous plans and to draw them closer to living up to the ground work of the association:

No lying.  
No stealing.  
No swearing.  
No cheating.  
No cigarette smoking.